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A MOTHER'S LOVE BRINGS DEATH.

LOSES HER OWN LIFE TRYING TO SAVE HER CHILD.

The Treacherous Undertow Carried the Little One Down and Beyond Mother's Grasp.

A TRAGEDY OF THE OHIO RIVER.

In a vain endeavor to save her eight-year-old son Herbert, who was drowning before her eyes Thursday afternoon about 4 o'clock, Mrs. Anne Teepie gave up her own life.

The drowning occurred at Fry's Landing, near the head of Twelve-mile Island, in the Ohio river, above Louisville.

Both were members of a camping party from Charleston, Ind., in which were County Treasurer Pangburn, Dr. David Combs, Judge G. H. D. Gibson, Deputy Treasurer L. L. Chapman, Deputy Postmaster James N. Teepie and their families.

For the past two weeks their camp has been the gathering place for gay parties from Charleston and the surrounding country. Yesterday afternoon the men of the party left the camp for Ferry Flat, a half mile distant, in order to make ready the boats for rowing the women and children, all of whom were left at the camp, across to the island in the cool of the evening.

It was the purpose of the party to celebrate the little fellow's eighth birthday on the island.

From what could be learned afterward it seems that the boy gained his mother's permission to paddle about in the shallow water near the bank of the river while she sat nearby to guard.

But the undertow was treacherous and he was swept off his feet and carried far beyond his depth. With the one thought of saving her child's life and unmindful of her own danger, the mother sprang into the water in a futile effort to reach him.

Unable to swim, she struggled out into the river, borne up for the moment by her clothing. It was in vain that she struggled, for the boy sank for the last time when she was close enough almost to put out her hand and reach him.

Then began her own fight against death. Her screams brought to the shore all of the remaining members of the camping party, but they were powerless to help her and were forced to stand by and see her drown. To add to the horror of the scene, her two younger children, not old enough to grasp the horror of it all, thought that their mother was only playing, and called to her cheerfully.

They were hushed by the sobbing of the older children and the women who stood beside them.

For a brief while the buoyancy of her garments kept her above the water and then her body was swept under, near the spot where her boy had gone down just a few moments before.

Mrs. Pangburn, one of the women in the party, started for "The Flat" for assistance. Before she reached the men they caught a glimpse of her and supposing that she walked down to see them at work, several ran forward to welcome her. Among them was Teepie, who, seeing from her countenance that she was the bearer of ill-tidings, thought at once of his wife and children.

She told him as best she could and the shock came near crushing him. He started to throw himself into the river, but the other men, who had by this time come up, held him from carrying out his purpose.

They hastened back to the camp and at once began the work of searching for the bodies.

Pangburn telephoned Capt. Devan, of the Louisville Life-Saving Station, and a crew of two men and one of the lighter boats were placed on board the New South, which fortunately was just

A TRAGEDY OF THE GOLD FIELDS.

SHE BURIED HER HUSBAND AND ELEVEN MEN.

Terrible Experience of Mrs. Harmon Bess Seeking Riches in the Frozen Klondike.

THE POOR WOMAN'S GRAPHIC STORY.

Mrs. Harmon W. Bess, who has just returned from Alaska to Seattle, has had probably the most tragic experience of any woman who has ever been to the Arctic gold fields.

A year ago she started with her husband, Captain Bess, and a party of gold seekers on the schooner Elk from Puget Sound for some new gold "diggings" of supposed fabulous richness on the Mackenzie River beyond the Klondike.

But famine, scurvy, Arctic cold and darkness overtook them. One by one the strong men fell victims to disease and hardships, and died. Mrs. Bess, frail and weak, with wonderful strength of mind, nursed each in turn until her husband, Captain Bess, was the one man left. Finally he died of the slow poison of scurvy, and Mrs. Bess was left alone in a wilderness of darkness and snow and cold.

How she was rescued, what her anguish of mind and body was and how she has come back to civilization to begin life again after dying a hundred deaths, as she says, is told in her own words.

My husband believed that gold should be found on the Mackenzie river or on some of the islands in the Arctic Ocean.

He planned an extensive prospecting voyage, and without trouble interested a number of strong young men whom he met at Port Townsend.

He had made of the district he intended to visit, and had received information of several rich Mackenzie river bars from an old Hudson Bay trapper.

Captain Bess commenced work on the steam schooner Elk No. 1 at Port Townsend early in '98, having come from Bay City, Mich., enroute for St. Michael. He was accompanied by James Hutton and Frank Calder.

My husband had considerable money with him, the savings of years of hard and dangerous toil as a master of barges and schooners on the Great Lakes. He experienced the work of construction and soon a stanch craft was launched.

A small engine and propelling machinery were put in and a schooner rig fitted up. The Elk was a peculiar looking craft and attracted much attention on the Seattle water front, where the vessel was tied up for some time. She was just large enough to carry two years' provisions for a party of 17. Late in May the schooner sailed away.

Calling at St. Michael, we heard that various rivers running into Kotzebue Sound. A rash to that unknown country was under way at that time, and we decided to abandon our expedition to the Arctic and try our luck in Kotzebue.

Anchoring in the Sound, four of the crew were picked by lot to stay with the schooner. The remaining 13, under direction of Captain Bess and Captain Smith, started up the Selkirk river. We visited several alleged diggings, but, like every one else lured to the district, found nothing but colors. We spent several months prospecting over the Kotzebue country.

Owing to inexperience, we had not chosen the right provisions, and, as no fresh meat or vegetables could be secured, scurvy finally made its appearance. Dr. Vetter did his best to check the disease, but as he was compelled to work without medicine, his task was a hard one. Several of the party died of the dread disease and were buried near the camp on the Selkirk.

Captain Bess had about made up his mind to return to the schooner and finish the winter on board, when the news came across the divide from the headquarters of the Kotzebue that gold had been found there.

We should have realized that we were in no condition to make the difficult trip of 300 miles, but the desire for gold overrode judgment and not one wanted to turn back. Those sick with scurvy were willing to go on, in the hope of getting relief in the new diggings. No one dreamed of the fate that was in store for them, or that the trip we were about to take would be the last for all but one—and that one a woman.

We had been assured that game was abundant all the way, so did not fear starvation; and, although we had no dogs, we believed that we could pull sleds over the soft snow with sufficient supplies for the trip. All unnecessary camp baggage was abandoned and the trip up the Selkirk river commenced.

The men were weaker than they thought and made poor progress up the stream. Several graves were left behind before the Tegravawick river was reached. Scurvy was rapidly thinning our ranks.

Trail of Arctic Graves. The unfortunate might have recovered had they remained in camp and taken care of themselves, but on the trail this was impossible. I did what I could to nurse them, but it was little enough that I could do.

The ascent of the Tegravawick river was even more difficult. The trail was one of graves—rude Arctic graves barely under the surface of the snow.

A few stones and a log or two would be rolled on top to prevent wild beasts from devouring the dead. A smooth

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EDITORS MEET.

And Organize the Western Kentucky Editorial Association—Much Success Promised.

A number of newspaper men of Western and Southern Kentucky met at the Arcadia Hotel, Dawson Springs, on Saturday evening, August 19, and organized "The Western Kentucky Editorial Association."

At the meeting eleven counties were represented and every representative seemed deeply interested in the movement.

The organization was previously designed to embrace the editors and publishers of the First Railroad district, but not to be a constitution or by-law, any editor in the entire State.

It was decided to adopt, until the next regular meeting, the constitution and by-laws of the Kentucky Press Association, when the committee on resolutions and by-laws will make their report.

On motion it was agreed that the new association should be the Western Kentucky Editorial Association, and the following officers were elected:

PRESIDENT—Ben F. Briggs, Mayfield Monitor.

VICE PRESIDENT—W. B. Brewer, Pembroke Review.

SECRETARY—L. W. Gaines, Elkton Progress.

TREASURER—John L. Smith, Eddyville Tale of Two Cities.

The officers then appointed the following committees:

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE—C. M. Maccham, Hopkinsville Kentuckian, chairman; B. C. Walker, Crittenden Press; John C. Riley, Henderson Journal; E. W. Whitmore, Grand Rivers Herald; Lee Elmore, Mayfield Mirror.

FINANCE COMMITTEE—J. J. Glen, Madisonville Mail; Heber Matthews, Hartford Herald; W. W. Martin, Paducah Leader.

CONSTITUTION AND BY-LAWS—W. B. Brewer, C. M. Maccham, L. W. Gaines. The annual dues are to be \$1 and the number and dates of meeting yet to be agreed upon.

The first regular meeting for the completion of the organization, adoption of constitution and by-laws, will be held at Eddyville, Ky., September 29, at which place a big free barbecue will be served by the citizens of Lyon county.

At the meetings a resolution was adopted condemning the city papers that are sending out free copies of their papers for campaign purposes throughout the State as being detrimental to the country press.

A resolution was also passed thanking Messrs. Holeman & Co., of the Arcadia Hotel, for special courtesies to the editors while in session.

The object of the new Association is business to hold meetings for profit and by an exchange of opinions, advance the cause of their profession. By this it is not meant that they shall be mindful of social courtesies and pleasures, but primarily their object is fraternal improvement, growth and development in their chosen profession.

The Most Fatal Disease. More adults die of kidney trouble than any other disease. When the first symptoms of this disease appear, 90 times should be lost in taking Foley's Kidney Cure, which is guaranteed or money refunded. \$2.00. J. H. Williams, Hartford; S. L. Mitchell & Bro., Beaver Dam; M. S. Bagland, Rosine.

No Justice, Reason, nor Truth. (Bartender's Record.) What do the bollers expect to accomplish and what justification have they for their course? The man who tells you that Brown has the shadow of a chance to be elected Governor commits himself of being a knave or a fool. The purpose of the Brown ticket is to aid in the election of Taylor. It makes its appeal to the well known principle of many perverse natures who are willing to do a wicked or an odious thing if only some safe way of indirection be provided for them, if only some cloak or guise of apparent respectability be thrown over them, but who are lacking in that doubtful kind of moral courage that prompts a man to do a bad thing in the light of open day. Despicable as was the Palmer-Buckner bolt in 1896, it had at least the doubtful merit of being based on a radical and irreconcilable difference in principle for its justification, but the Brown bolt has no such excuse. The platform of principles adopted at the Louisville convention met with no objection from a single delegate on the floor, and the only basis for the scheme is a purely personal one that has neither justice, reason nor truth to support it.

In Diarrhoea Dr. M. A. Simmons Liver Medicine is invaluable. It gives Tone to the Stomach, Aids Digestion and Assists Nature in carrying off all impurities.

Twenty-Five Years Without Speaking. (Philadelphia North American.) With the palsy of age upon them, Roger and Martha Coit, the tenants of the "divided house" of Roxborough, stood in the Police Court. Ever so long ago, when the hillsides were furrowed by the plows and farmhouse nestled where elaborate villas now stand, he took the woman to the cottage. His hair is white now and very thin, as faded as her memory of happy days.

He was dairymaid and she a farmer's daughter. Now and for a quarter of a century back their home has rested under the shadow of a mysterious sorrow. They quarreled and ceased to speak. Roger and Martha Coit refused to reveal the cause to the Magistrate yesterday. Let those reason it out who think they can divine what motive could

ROYAL BAKING POWDER
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Makes the food more delicious and wholesome
ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

make utter strangers of lovers, could so steel the hearts of this man and wife that they have lived beneath the same roof for 25 years with never a word for each other.

In what had been the dining room Roger Coit, after they quarreled, placed a stove, bought utensils, and thereafter cooked his own meals there, ate them there, lighted his lamp and read there at night—always alone. In the kitchen Martha Coit lived the same way. On the threshold of one of the two bedrooms upstairs Roger Coit never placed his foot. Once a week he would kneel before the door and push some paper money under it. If husband and wife met on the stairway they looked straight ahead and tried to avoid brushing against each other.

Ten years ago Coit gave up his business. Since then a small income has been his, and he has divided it with the woman. But for the last month he had failed to push money under the door. She never spoke a word to him about it. At the fourth week she went to the Police Court—her grocery man advised this course—and swore out a warrant charging her husband with non-support.

A Roxborough man had informed His Honor of the queer lives led by the tenants of the divided house.

Cracked and wavering arose the voice of wither Roger Coit.

"I ain't got to wish to stop supportin' of her," said he. "But the money what I git every month were hold back, an' I won't git it fer two week yet. Then I'll pay her same as ever. I didn't think she'd want for nothin'." The storekeeper up in Roxborough'll trust her fer whatever she wants. They told me they would."

"I ain't wanted for nothin'," replied Martha Coit. "I jest thought he had stopped payin' me fer good."

"I'm discharged, ain't I?" asked Roger Coit.

"Yes," said His Honor.

With the aid of a heavy stick in his shaking hand, the old man walked out. After a little the woman went.

To Consumptives. As an honest remedy, Foley's Honey and Tar does not hold out false hopes in advanced stages, but truthfully claims to give comfort and relief in the very worst cases, and in the early stages to effect a cure. J. H. Williams, Hartford; S. L. Mitchell & Bro., Beaver Dam; M. S. Bagland, Rosine.

Food Better Than Tonics. A professor in one of the medical colleges holds that there is no need of buying and swallowing tonics, because they accomplish no more than a judiciously selected diet. The professor says that spinach is richer in iron, which is the basis of most tonics, than even the yolk of an egg, while the latter contains much more beef. The ordinary dish of spinach and poached egg is a tonic as potent as one in which iron forms a part, without the harmful effect of other ingredients that enter into the medicinal compound. Plants imbibe iron and it is through them that we should absorb it into our system. That mineral is present largely in apples, lentils, strawberries, white beans, peas, potatoes and most of the red fruits and vegetables. Stewed black currants, if taken daily in their season, will cure anemia that has become chronic. It is the experience of mariners that while time juice is a palliative of scurvy, potatoes are a specific. Nanagan, in his voyage in the Fram, had no occasion to resort to the medicine chest. The concentrated form of all the fruits and vegetables that his men were accustomed to eat in Norway, was worth a shipload

Look In Your Mirror. Do you see sparkling eyes, a healthy, tinted skin, a sweet expression and a graceful form? These attractions are the result of good health. If they are absent, there is nearly always some disorder of the internal organs present. Healthy internal organs mean health and beauty everywhere.

McLEER'S Wine of Cardui

makes women beautiful and healthy. It strikes at the root of all their trouble. There is no menstrual disorder, ache or pain which it will not cure. It is for the budding girl, the busy wife and the matron approaching the change of life. At every trying crisis in a woman's life it brings health, strength and happiness. It costs \$1.00 of medicine dealers.

For advice in cases requiring special diet, address, giving symptoms, "The Ladies' Advisory Department," The Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn.